



A NEW SONG CALL'D

Brother Bill and Jamima Brown

I was at a railway station, 'ross the Dublin line,
I first met my Jamima why should I call her mine,
Her eyes were bright her hair was light, her dress a morning gown,
A travelling box beside her wrote on it Jamima Brown.

CHORUS.

I used to take her every where to all the sights in town,
But now she left me in despair did naughty Jamima Brown.

At a baby linnen building up in Grafton Street
I first met my Jamima so charming & so sweet,
She took'd the queen of a sewing machine I spent ther many a crown
On collars & stays & Babies caps to gaze on Jamima Brown.

One night I went to meet her the weather been warm,
I seen her fondly leaning on a smart young fellow's arm,
Against my will I felt quite ill inquiring with a frown,
Who's that its only Brother Bill said naughty Jamima Brown.

I says my dear Jamima if you'd with me agree,
Upon tomorrow eveing to come unto the play,
Or to the exhibitiōn or any place in the town,
I feel oblige'd indeed kind sir said naughty Jamima Brown.

I want to ask a favour I hope you wont be cross,
Or think it bad behavior but Father had a loss,
Will you kindly lend us fifty pounds my Brother will be bound,
Of course I would could I refuse my life to Jamima Brown.

I gave to her the fifty pounds but it was all no use,
For in a short time after you'll find she cook'd my goose
She hooked it away with Brother to another part of the town
And left me in the turch to look for naughty Jamima Brown.

Years after that when passing by a soap in Dubl'n Town
Amidst heaps of greens & kidney-beans stood Jamima Brown
She was weig' ing of potates throw ng copper in the till
Three lovely little children the image of Brother Bill.

I stood there with astoniment as on her I did gaze,
And when that she beheld me she stood all in amaze,
Her broken vow I see it now but not my fifty pounds,
The shop was bought but I was sold by naughty Jamima Brown.